

If you know not me,
You know no bodie:

Or,

The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH:



At London.

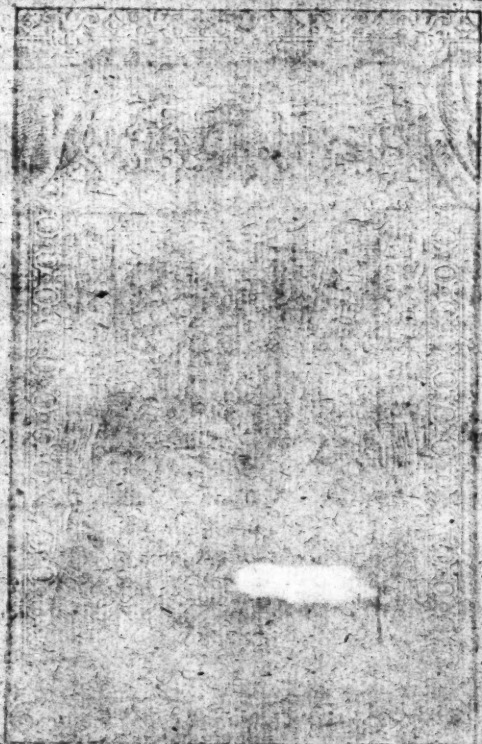
Printed for Nathaniell Butter. 1617.

If you know nothing

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Or

The troubles of Queens ELIZABETH.



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The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.

Enter Sussex, and Lo : Chamberlaine.

Sussex.

Good morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Chamb. Many good morrowes to my good Lord of Sussex.

Sus. Who's with the Queene my Lord ?

Cha. The Cardinall of Winchester : The Lord

of *Tame* : the good Lord *Shandoyse* : and besides,
Lo : *Howards* sir *Henry Beningfield*, and diuers others.

Sus. A word my Lord in priuate.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse.

Shand. Touching the Queene my Lord who now sits hir
What thinks the realme of Philip th' Emperours sonne,
A marriage by the Councell treated of ?

Tame. Pray God't proue well.

Sus. Good morrow Lords.

Tame. Good morrow my good Lord of Sussex.

Shan. I cry your Honours mercy.

Cham. Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

Tame. The like to you my Lord : As you were speaking.

A 3

If you know not me,

Enter Lord Howard, and Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Concerning *Wiat* and the Kentish rebels,
Their ouerthrow is past: the rebell Dukes that fought
Byall meanes to proclaime queene *Jane* chiefly *Northumberland*
For *Gilfords* sake, he forst his brother Duke vnto that warre,
But each one had his merite.

How. Oh my Lord,
The Law proceeded gainst their great offence,
And 'tis not well, since they haue suffered iudgement,
That we should rayse their scandall being dead,
Tis impious, not by true iudgement bred.

Suf. Good morrow my Lord, good morrow good sir *Henry.*

Ben. Pardon, my Lord, I saw you not till now.

Cham. Good morrow good Lord *Howard.*

How. Your honours: The Like to you my Lords.

Tam. With all my heart Lord *Howard.*

Cham. Forward I pray.

Suf. The *Susfolke* men my Lord was to the Queene
The very staires, by which she did ascend:
Shee's greatly bound vnto them for their loues.

Enter Cardinall of Winchester.

Wi. Good morrow Lords, attend the Queene into the presence,

Suf. Your duties Lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Tam bearing the *Purse*: *Shandoyse* the *Mace*: *Howard*
the *Scepter*: *Sussex* the *Crowne*: then the *Queene*, after her
the *Cardinall*, *Senslow*, *Gage*, and attendants.

Queene. By Gods assistance, and the power of heauen,
We are instated in our brothers throane,
And all those powers that warr'd against our right,
By helpe of heauen, and your friendly ayde,
Disperst and fled, heere may we sit secure,
Our heart is ioyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

Enter Dodds.

Dodds. I do beseech your maiestie peruse this poore petition.

Qu. O maister *Dodds*, we are indebted to you for your loue,
You stood vs in great stead even in our ebbe
Of fortune, when our hopes were neere declin'd,

And

you know no bodie.

And when our state did beare the lowest fayle,
Which we haue reason to requite we know:
Reade his petition my good Lord Cardinall.

Daddi. O gracious Soueraigne, let my Lord the Duke haue the
Perusing of it, or any other that is heere your grace,
He will be to our suite an opposite.

Mrs. And reason fellow.

Madam, heere is a large recitall and vpbraiding of your high-
nes Soueraignty, the suffolke men that listed you to the throne,
and heere posselt you, claime your promise you made the about
Religion.

Dads. True gracious Soueraigne,
But that we do vpbraid your Maiestie,
Or make recitall of our deedes forepast,
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,
By loue, by fayth, and by our duty bound,
To you the next and true successiue heyre,
If you contrary this, I needes must say,
Your skilleffe tongue doth make our well tun'd words,
Iarre in the Princes cares, and of our text
You make a wrong construction. Gracious Queene,
Your humble subiects prostrate in my mouth,
A generall suite when we first flockt to you,
And made first head with you at *Promugbam*,
Twas thus concluded, that we your liege-men
Should still enioy our consciences, and vse that faith
Which in King *Edwards* dayes was held canonically.

Mrs. May it please your highnes note the commons insolence
They tie you to conditions, and seruilitie to your liking.

Queene. They shall know,

To whom their faithfull duties they doe owe,
Since they the times, the head would seeke to sway,
Before they gouerne, they shall learne c^t obay:
See it seuerely ordered *M^r Justice*.

Mrs. Away with him, it shall be throughly scand,
And you vpon the pillory, three daies to stand.

If you know not me,

Benif. Haz not your sister (gracious Queene) a hand in bo A
In these petitions? well your Highnes knowes
She is a favorite of these heretiques.

Win. And well remembred, is it not probable,
That she in *Wass* expedition
And other insurrections lately queld,
Was a cōfederate? if your highnes will your owne state preserve,
You must foresee fore dangers, and cut off all such,
As would your safeteie preiudice.

Ben. Such is your sister,
A meere opposite to vs in our opinion: and besides,
Shee's next successeive, should your Maieshy
Die issuelesse, which heauen defend.

Omnes. Which heauen defend.

Ben. The state of our religion would decline.

Queen. My Lords of *Tame* and *Shandys*,
You two shall haue a firme Commission scalds
To fetch our sister yoong *Elizabeth*
From *Ashbridge* where she lies, and with a band
Of armed souldiers to condu& her vp to *London*,
Where wee will heare her.

Sen. Gracious Queen, she only craves but to behold your face,
That she might cleare her selfe of all supposed treasons,
Still protesting, shee is a true a subject to your Grace,
As liues this day.

Win. Do not you heare with what a fauorie impudenty
This *Senlow* here presumes?

Queen. Away with him, he teach him know his place,
To frowne when we frowne, smile on whom we smile.

Win. I will be a meanes to keepe the rest in awe,
Making their Squeraignes brow to them a law.

Queen. All those that seeke our Sisters cause to flout,
Let them be lodged.

Winch. Young *Courtesy* Earle of *Dorset*,
Commit him to the Tower.

Queen. Commit him to the Tower.

you know no body.

Till time affords vs and our Councell breathing space.

Whence is that poste?

A borne wished

Const. My Soueraigne, it is from *Southampton.*

Queene. Our Secretary, vnseale them, and returne

Vs present answer of the contents,

She speaks to the

What's the maine busines?

Lord Constable,

Const. That *Phillip Prince of Spaine,*

Sonne to the Emperour, is safely arriu'd,

And landed at *Southampton.*

Queene. Prepare to meete him Lords with all our pompe.

Honours. Prepare you Lords with our faire *Queene* to ride,

And his high princely state let no man hide.

Queene. Set forward Lords, this sodaine newes is sweete,

Two royall Louers on the midde way meete.

Enter maister Gage and a Gentlewoman.

Gage. Good morrow mistresse, came you from the Princesses

Wom. Maister *Gage*, I did.

Gage. How fares her Grace?

Wom. O wondrous crazie, gentle maister *Gage,*

Her sleepes are all vnquiet, and her head

Beats, and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

Gage. God graunt her comfort, and release her paine,

So good a Lady few on earth remaine.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. O Arme, arme, arme.

Gage. How now, what's the matter?

Clowne. O Lord the house is beket, shouldeiers are as hot as fire,

Are ready to enter euery hole about the house,

For I was a th toppes of the sticke, the sound of the drumme

Hot me such a box a th care, that I came tumbling downe,

The sticke with a thousand billets a drop on me, looke about,

And helpe for Gods sake.

Gage. Heaven gaud the Princesses, grant

That Soueraigne life will procure her passing bell.

If you know not play

Enter Tams and Shanley with Soldiers, Drums, &c.

Tams. Where's the Princeesse?

Gage. Only honor'd Lords!

(May I with reverence presume to ask)

What meanes these armes? why doe you thus begin?

A poore weak Lady, neare at point of death

Shan. Resolue the Princeesse we must speake with her.

Wo. My Lords, know there is no admittance to her presence,
Without the leaue, first granted from her selfe.

Tams. Go tell her, we must, and will.

Wo. Ile certifie so much.

Exit woman.

Gage. My Lords, as you are honourably borne,
As you did loue her father, or her brother,

As you doe owe allegiance to the Queene,

In pittie of her weaknes, and low estate,

With best of fauour her commiserate.

Enter woman.

Wo. Her grace intreats you but to stay till morne,

And then your message shall be heard at full.

Shan. 'Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her.

Wo. Ile certifie so much.

Tams. It shall not needs, perill after her my Lord,

Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owine, and

Doctor Werdith.

Eliz. We are not pleas'd with your intrusions Lords,

If your haste such, or your affaires so urgent,

That sodainely, and at this time of night,

You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

Tams. Sorry we are (Gage Lady) to behold you in this sadde

Eliz. And I my Lords not glad

My heart, shew it bears

Shan. Madam, our message and our duty from our Queene,

We come to tender you, it is her pleasure,

That you should of this mornth appeare at Westminster.

Tams. My Lords, perill more glad than I,

To

you know no body.

To do my duty to her Maiestie.
But I am forry at the heart, my heart, oh good Doctor raise me:
Oh my heart, I hope my Lords, considering my extremitie and
weakenes, you will dispence a little with your haste.

Time. Doctor *Orius*, and Doctor *Winkish*.

You are the Queenes Phisitions truly I worne,
On your allegiance, as before her Highnes you will answer it,
Speake, may the Princess be remoou'd with life?

D. Orius. Not without danger Lords, yet without death,
Her feuer is not mortally, yet you see into what danger
It hath brought the Princess.

Shaw. Is your opinion so?

D. Win. My iudgment is, not deadly, but yet dangerous.
No sooner shall she come to take the aire,
But she will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,
Her life is in much danger.

Time. Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuer
so strict a message.

Eliz. Nor my Lords to heare a message deliuered
With such strictnes: well, must I goe.

Shaw. So sayes the Queene.

Eliz. Why then it must be so.

Time. To morrow earlye then you must prepare.

Eliz. Tis many a morrow since my feeble legges
Felt this my bodys weight: O I shall faint,

And if I taste the rawnesse of the aire,
I am but dead, indeed I am but dead,

Tis late, conduct these Lords vnto their chambers,
And cheere them well, for they haue iourneyd hard.

Whilst we prepare vs for our morrowes iourney.

Shaw. Madam, the Queene hath sent her letter for you.

Eliz. The Queene is kind, and we will strine with death
To tender her our life,

We are her subiect, and obey her best,

Good night, we wish you what we want,

Good rest: *Exeunt omnes.*

Shaw.

B 3

Enter

If you know not me,

*Enter Queene Mary, Philip, and all the Nobles, with
their Tunes, and Shewdances.*

Que. Thus in the face of heaven and broad eie of all the mul-
We give a welcome to the Spanish Prince, (itride)
Those plausive shewes which give you entertaine,
Echoes as thuch to the Almighty cares,
And there they sound with pleasure, and excels
The clamorous trumpets, and lowd ringing bells.

Phil. These excellent and evergracious Princessie,
Double famous for Vertue and for beaurie,
We embrace your large stretch Honors with the armes of loue,
Our royall marriage, treated first in heaven,
To be solemniz'd heere, both by Gods voyce,
And by our louses consent, we thus embrace,
Now Spaine and England two populous kingdomes,
That have a long time beene opposite
In hostile emulation, shall be at one :
This shall be Spanish England, ours English Spaine.

Qu. Hearke the redoubling echoes of the people, *Floris*
How it proclames their louses, and welcome to this Union.

Phil. Then heere before the Pillars of the Land,
We doe embrace and make a publike contract
Our soules are ioyfull, then bright heavens smile,
Whilst we proclaime our new united tile,

Que. Reade Suffex.

Suffex Reades.

*Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and
Queene of England, Spayne, France, and Ireland,
King and Queene of Naples, Seicillia, Leon and
Aragon, Archduke & Dukes of Austria, Burgun-
dy, of Brabant, Zeland, of Holland : Prince and
Princessse*

you know me Justice.

*Princesse of Sweaue, Count and Countesse of
Burgie, Meliorta, Sardinia, of the firme Land
the maine Ocean Sea, Palatins of Ierusalem, of
Henolt, Lord and Lady of Freeceland, and of the
Iles; And Governor and Governesse of all Affrica,
and Asia.*

Omnes. Long live the King and *Queene.* *Flourish.*

Kin. and Qs. We thank you all.

Gov. When please your Highnes to solemnize this your Nup-

Qns. The 29 day of this month of Iulij.

Phil. It likes vs well, but royall *Queene* we want

One Lady at this high solemnitie:

We have a sister call'd *Eliz. Auth.*

Whose vertues and endowments of the minde

Haue fill'd the eares of Spaine.

Win. Great are the causes, now too long to say,

Why she, my Soueraigne, should be kept away.

Gov. The Lord of Time and Ebandys are return'd.

Queen. How fares our Sister? is she come along?

Time. We found the *Princesse* sick, and in great danger.

Yet did we receive our strict Commission,

She much intreated that she might be spared,

Untill her health and strength might be restor'd.

Shan. Two of your highnes Doctors we then call'd

And charg'd them as they would answer

To tell the truth, if that our Iournies toyle

Might be no prejudice vnto her life,

Or if we might with safety bring her thence.

They answered, that we might; we did so.

Here she is to doe her duty to your Maiestie.

Queen. Let her attend, we will find time to heare her.

Phil. But royall *Queene*, yet for her vertues sake,

Dreame her offences, if she haue offended.

If you know not me;

With all the leuitic a Sister can.

Queen. My Lord of *Marbush*, my Lord of *Suffen*,

Lord *Howard*, *Tam*, and *Shanderiffe*,

Take you commission to examine her

Of all supposed crimes to to our Nuptials.

Ph. What festival more royall hath been seene,

Than twixt *Spaines* Prince, and *Englands* Royall Queene.

Exeunt.

Enter Elizabeth, her gentlewoman, and three

household Servants.

Eli. Is not my gentleman Vther yet return'd?

Wom. Madam, not yet.

Eli. O God, my feare hath beene good Phisicke, (Ston)
But the *Queens* displeasure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-
Hath made me heart-sicke, braine-sicke, and sick even to death.
What are you?

1. Ser. Your howshold officers and humble servants,

Who, now your house (faire Princess) is dissolv'd

And quire broke vp, come to attend your grace.

Eli. We thanke you, and am more indebted for your loves,

Than we haue power, or vertue to requite.

Alas, I am all the *Queen*, yet nothing of my selfe.

But God and innocence, be you my patron, & defend my cause.

Why weepe you gentlemen?

Cookes. Not for our selues, men are not made to weepe

At their owne fortunes, our ties are made of fire,

And to extract water from fire, is hard.

Nothing but such a Princess grieve as yours

So good a Lady, and so beautifull, so absolute a mistress,

And perfect as you haue euer beene,

Haue power to doe't, your sorrow makes vs sad.

Eli. My innocence yet makes my heart as light,

As my front's heauie: all that heauen sends, is welcome.

Gentlemen, deuide these crownes amongst you,

I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing.

you know no bodie.

I have some friends about her Maiestie, that are prouding for me all things; all things
I, even my grave; and being possessor of that,
I shall neede nothings worse not I pray,
Nather you should reioyce in my death,
If I miscarry in this enterprise and aske you why,
A Virgine and a Martyre both I die.

Enter Gage.
Gage. He that first gaue you life, protect that life,
From those that wish your death.

El. Whars my offence? who be my accusers?

Gage. Madam, that the Queene & Winchester best knowes.

El. What lites the Queene vnto my late petition?

Gage. You are desired that grace:
Her Maiestie will not give you conference;
Sir William Seile is giving that motion;
Was first committed, since sent to the Tower,
Madam, in briebe your foes are the Queenes friends;
Your friends her foes,
Six of the Councell are this day appointed,
To examine you of certain articles.

El. They shall be welcome; my God in whom I trust,
Will help, defend, save, defend the iust.

Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Thorne, Shallowes, and Constable.

Suf. All forbear this place, unless the Princelesse
Madam, we from the Queene are ioynt
in full commission.

Suf. By your fauour (good my Lord) the you proceed
Madam, although this place doth tie you to this remembrance,
It comes not you being of such sort to deice you
A chain there.

El. My duty with my fortunes doe agree.

And

If you know not me,

And to the Queene, in your Ibbid wals kne.

Suf. You shall not kneele where Sufferers in place.

The Chamber-keeper, a chair there for her grace.

Win. Madam, perhaps you are hardy.

That was infort in this commission.

Eli. Know you your owne guilt, my good Lord Chamberlor,

That you accuse your selfe, I thinke not so.

I am of this mind, no man is my foe.

Win. Madam, I would you would submit unto your highnes.

Eli. Submit my Lord of Winchester, tis fit

That none but base offenders should submit.

No no my Lord, I easily spie your drift.

Having nothing whereon you can accuse me.

Do seeke to haue my selfe, my selfe betray.

So by my selfe my owne bloud should spill.

Confesse Submission, I confesse a guilt.

Time. What answer you to *Win.* yet rebellion?

Madam, tis thought that you did set them on.

Eli. Who is it will say so, men may much suspect,

But yet (my Lord) none can my life detect.

I a confederate with those kennish rebels.

If I ere saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head.

Hath not *provid* *Win.* suffered for his offence,

And in the purging both of soule and body for heauen.

Did *Win.* then accuse *Elizabeth*?

Suf. Madam, he did not.

Eli. My reuerend Lord, know you

How. Madam, he would not.

Eli. Oh my good Lord he could not.

Suf. The same day *Fraser* was arraigned in the Guild hall

I was in side on him, whether this Princeesse had a hand

With him, or no he did deny.

Cleerd her for his death, yet accusd others.

Eli. My God be prayde, this is heere but of a minire old.

Cham. What answer you to sir *Peter Carey* in the west?

The westerne Rebel?

haA

Eli.

you know no body.

Eli. Aske the vnborne infant, see what that will answer;

For that and I are both alike in guilt,

Let not by rigor innocent blood be spilt.

Win. Come Madam, answer briefly to these treasons.

Eli. Treason Lords, if it be treason to be the daughter
To th'eight *Henry*, sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood vnto
My gracious soueraigne now the *Queene*, I am a traitor: if not, I
Spit at treason. In *Henries* raigne this Law could not haue stood,
O God that we should suffer for our blood!

Con. Madam, the *Queene* must heare you sing another song.
Before you part with vs.

Eli. My God doth know, I can no note but truth,
That with heauens King,
One day in quiers of Angels I shall sing.

Win. Then Madam you'le not submit.

Eli. My life I will, but not as guiltie,
My Lords, let palle offenders pardon craue,
If we offend, Lawes rigor let vs haue.

Win. You are stubborne, come, lets certifie the *Queene*.

Tame. Rowme for the Lords there.

Exeunt

Eli. Thou power eternall, Innocents just guide,
That swayes the Scepter of all Monarchies,
Protect the guiltlesse from these rauening iawes,
That hidious death presents, by Tyrants lawes,
And as my heart is knowne to thee most pure,
Grant me release, or patience to endure.

Enter Gage and Seruants.

Gage. Madam, we your poore humble seruants,
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,
To know how your cause goes.

Eli. Well, well, I thanke my God, well,
How can a cause goe ill with Innocents?
They that to whome wrongs in this world are done,
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

Enter the six Counsellors.

Win. It is the pleasure of her maiestie,
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

Eli. The Tower! for what?

C

Win

If you know not me,

M. Moreover all your household servants we have discharge'd
Except this gentleman your suster, and this gentlewoman,
Thus did the Queene command;
And for your guard a hundred Northerne white cotes
Are appointed to conduct you thither,
To night vnto your chamber, to morrow early prepare
You for the tower, your Harges stands ready
To conduct you thither. *Shee kneeles.*

Eli. Oh God my hart: A prisoner in the Tower,
Speake to the the Queene my Lords, that some other place
May lodge her suster, that's too vilde, too base.

Suff. Come my Lords, let's all joyne in one petition
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

Win. My Lord, you know it is in Vaine,
For the Queenes sentence is definitiue,
And we must see it perform'd.

Eli. Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,
To Morrow to the Tower that fitall place,
Where I shall neuer behold the Sunnes bright face.

Suff. Now God forbid, a better hap heaven send: *Exeunt*
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend. *Omnes.*

Enter three white-cote souldiers with a jacks of beere.

1. Come my maisters, you know your charge, tis now abouts.
A leaven, heere we must warch till morning,
And then carry the Princeesse to the Tower.

2. How shall wee spend the time till morning?

3. Masse weele drinke and talke of our friends.

2. I but my friend; doe not talke of these matters!

1. Not like nor meddle with the State,

I hope this a man may say without offence,
Pierthee drinke to me.

3. With all my heart yfaith, this a man might lawfully speake,
But now; faith what wast about to say?

1. Masse I say this, That the Lady *Elizabeth* is both a Lady
And *Elizabeth*, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princeesse,
Were there any harme in that?

2. No by my troth there's no harme in that;
But beware of talking of the princeesse.

Let's

you know no body.

Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold

1. Well fir, I haue twoo sisters, and the one loues the other,
And would not send her to prison for a million; is there any harm
In this? Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

For I doe not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters.

Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

3. I but fir, that word sister goes hardly downe.

1. Why fir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne,
I learn'd that of the Queene, Ile keepe my selfe within compasse
Ile warrant you.

2. I but fir, why is the Princesse committed?

1. It may be she doth not know her selfe.

It may be the Queene knowes not the cause.

It may be my Lord of Winchester does not know?

It may be so, nothing is vnpossible to god.

It may be there's knauey in Monkei,

There's nothing vnpossible, is there any harme in that?

2. Shomaker, you goe a little beyond your last.

1. Why, in saying nothing's vnpossible to God,

Ile stand to it; for saying a truth's a truth, Ile proue it;

For saying there may be knauey in Monkei, Ile iustifie it.

I doe not say there is, but may be, I know what I know,

You know what you know; he knowes what he knowes,

Many we know not what euery man knowes.

3. My maisters, we haue talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1. I thinke so too, is there any harme in all this?

2. No harme ith world.

3. And I thinke by this time the Princesse is ready

To take her barge.

1. Come then let's goe, would all were well,

Is there any harme in all this? But alas, wishes and teares

Haue both one propertie, they shew their loue that

Want the remedy.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Winchester and Beningfield

Win. Did you not marke what a piteous sicke she cast

To the Queene's window as she pass along?

Faine she would haue staied, But that I caus'd

The barge-men to make hast, and to row away.

If you know not me,

Ben. The bargemen were too desperate my Lord;
In staying till the water were so lowe,
For then you know, being vnderneath the bridge,
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,
And was in dangerto haue drown'd vs all.

Win. Well, she hath scape that danger,
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,
She only might rely vpon my loue;
To winne her to the fauour of the Queene.

Ben. But that will neuer be, this is my censure,
If she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wrongs suruiue and light on her:
If other waies that she be cleared,
Thus both waies I wish her downe,
Or else her state to raise.

Enter Suffes, Tame, Howard, Shandyse and Gage.

Suff. Why doth the Princeesse keepe her barge so long?
Why lands she not? Some one goe see the cause.

Gage. That shall be my charge my Lord. *Exit Gage.*

Suffes. Oh me my Lords her state is wondrous hard,
I haue seene the day, my hand ide not haue lent
To bring my Soveraigns sister to the Tower.
Good my Lords, stretch your Commission
To do the Princeesse but some little fauour.

Shan. My Lord, my Lord, let not the loue we beare the Prin-
Incurre the Queenes displeasure, tis no dallying with matters of
Estate, who dares gaine say the Queene?

Suff. Mary God not I, no, no, not I;
Yet who shall hinder these mine eies to sorrow
For her sorrow? By Gods mary deere,
That the Queene could not, though her selfe were heere:
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held fowle treason,
To grieve for her hard vsage; by my soule,
Myne eies would hardly prouoe a true subiect:
But tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obey:
But I shall mourne, should the King and Queene say nay.

Enter Gage.
Gage. My gutted Mistress humbly thus salutes you.

you know no badie.

Forto retorne back to the common stairs,
And not to land where traitors put to shore;
Some difference she intreats your Honors make
Twixt Christall Fountaine and fowle muddy Springs;
Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
And these whom Treasons staine did neuer blemish;
Thus she attends your answer and sits still,
Whilst her wet eyes full many a teare did spill.

Sus. Mary a God, tis true, and tis no reason: Launch Barges
Good Lady, land where traitors vs to land,
And fore her guilt be prou'd, Gods mary no,
And the Queene wills it, that it should be so.

Chas. My Lord, you must looke into our Commission,
No fauour's graunted, she off force must land;
Tis a decree which we cannot withstand,
So tell her, maister *Gage*.

Sus. As good a lady as ere *England* bred,
Would he that caus'd this woe, had lost his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth, and Clarentia her
gentlewoman.*

Gage. Madam, you haue stept too short, into the water.

El. No matter where I tread,
Would where I set my foot, there lay my head,
Land traitor like I my foot's wet in the flood,
So shall my hatt ere long be drencht in blood.

Enter Constable.

Win. Heere comes the Constable of the Tower,
This is your charge.

Const. And receiue my prisoner, come, will you goe?

El. Whither my Lord, vnto a grace of yron,
Where griefe and care my poore heart shall enuiron;
I am not well.

Sus. A chaire for the Princesse.

Con. Heer's no chaire for prisoners,
Come, will you see your chamber?

El. Then on this stone this cold stone will I sit;
Needs must say, you hardly me intreat,
When for a chaire, this hard stone is my seat.

If you know not me,

Suff. My Lord, you deale too cruelly with the Princess;
You knew her father, there's no stranger to you.

Tam. Madam it raines.

Suff. Good Lady take my cloake.

El. No, let it alone; See Gentlemen,
The pityous heauens weepes teares into my bosome,
On this cold stone I sit, raine in my face,
But better heere, then in a worse place
Where this bad man will lead me.

Cl. Reach me my booke; now lead me where you please
From sight of day, or in a dungeon, I shall see to pray.

Suff. Nay, nay, you need not both hand and locke so fast. *Exit El.*
Shee is his flatter, honorable Lords.
Speake to the Queene she may haue some release. *Consta.*

Enter Constable.

Const. So, so, let me alone, let me alone to coope her,
He vsf her so, the Queene shall much commend
My diligent care.

Howard. Where haue you left the Princess?

Con. Where she is safe ynough I warrant you,
I haue not granted her the priuiledge

Of any walke, or garden, or to open
Her windowes, casements to receiue the aire.

Suff. My Lord, my Lord, you deale without respect,
And worse than your Commission can maintaine.

Con. My Lord, I hope I know my office well,
And better than your selfe within this place,
Then teach not me my duty, she shall be vsf so still,
The Queene commands, and he obey her wer will.

Suff. But if this time should alter, marke me well,
Could this be answer'd? could it fellow Peeres?
I thinke not so,

Con. Tush, tush, the Queene is young, likely to beare
Of her owne body a more royall heire.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My Lords, the Princess humbly intreats,
That her owne seruants may beare vp her dyety
A company of base vntutor'd flauers,

you know no bodie

Whose hands did never seue a Princeesse boord,
Doe take that priuledge.

Con. Twas my appointment and it shall be so.

Suf. Gods mary deere, but it shall not be,
Lord *Howard* joyne with me, weele to the king.

Enter Soldier with a dish.

Gage. Stay good my Lords for instance, see they come,
If this be seemely, let your Honors iudge.

Suf. Come, come my Lords, why do we stay so long?
The Queenes high fauour shall amend this wrong.

Con. Now fir, what haue you got by your complaining, you common find fault; what is your Mistris stomacke so queasie, our honest Souldiers must not touch her meate; Then let her fast:
I know her stomacke will come downe at last.

Enter souldiers with more dishes, Gage Takes one from them.

Gage. Vntutor'd slaue, Ile ease thee of this burthen,
Her highnes seornes to touch the dish,
Her seruants brings not vp.

Con. Presume to touch a dish, Ile lodge thee there,
Where thou shalt see no sunne for one whole year.

Gage. I would to God you would, in any place,
Where I might liue from thought of her disgrace;

O thou all-seeing heauens, with piteous eyes,
Looke on sh' oppression of this wretch;
Let not thy truth by falsehood be oppress'd;
But let her vertues shine and giue her rest.

Confound the sleights, and practise of those men,
Whose pride doe kicke against the seat of heauen;

Oh draw the curtaine from this filthy scene,
And make them loath the bed which they haue in.

Prosper the Princeesse and her life defend,
A glorious comfort to her trouble send.

If euer thou hadst pittie, heare my prayer,
And giue releasement to a princes care.

If you know not me,

A dumb show, Enter six with Torches.
Tame and Shandoyse bare-headed, *Phillip* and *Mary*
after them: then *Winchester*, *Beningfield*, and *Assen-*
dants, at the other doore *Sussex* & *Howard*, *Sussex* de-
liuers a petition to the King, the King shewes it to the
Queene, she shews it to *Winchester*, and to *Beningfield*:
they storne, the King whispers to *Sussex*, & raises him,
& *Howard* giues them a petition; they take their leaues
and depart, the King whispers a little to the Queene.
Enter Constable and Gage. Exit.

Gage. The Duinasse thus intreats you honor'd Lord,
She may but walke in the Lieutenants garden,
Or else repose her selfe in the Queenes lodgings;
My honor'd Lord, graunt this as you did loue
The famous *Henry* her deceased father.

Con. Come, talke not to me for I am resolu'd,
Nor lodging, garden nor Lieutenants walkes
Shall heere be granted thee's a prisoner.

Gage. My Lord, they shall.

Con. How, shall they knaue?

Gage. If the Queene please, they shall.

A noble and right reuerend Councillor,
Promist to begie of her Maieitic:

And if she say the word, my Lord thee shall.

Con. I if she say the word, it shall be so:

My Lord of *Winchester* speaks the contrary,
So doe the Clergie, they are honest men.

Gage. My honor'd Lord, Why should you take delight
To torture a poore Lady Innocent?

The Queene I know when shee shall heare of this,
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.

You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well;

You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare,

And can you hate the sister he best lou'd?

You serue her sister, shee esteemes you his,

And you may liue to serue her ere you die:

And therefore good my Lord let this preuaile,

Only the calemities of her widow open.

Where

you know no body.

Whereby she may receive fresh gladness and air.

Con. O you preach well to deaf men, notice I;

So Letters may shee in, like none of thar;

Shee is my prisoner, and if I durst,

But that my warrant is not yet so strict,

Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eyes

Should not have light to reade her praiser booke;

So would I danger both her soule and bodie,

Cause shee an alien is to vs Catholiques.

Her bed should be all snakes; her self depaire,

Torture should make her curse her faithfull praier.

Enter Suff. Howard, and servants.

Suff. My Lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,

The prisoner Princesse should have all the vse

Of the Lieutenants garden, the Queenes Lodgings;

And all the libertie this place affoordeth.

Con. What meanes her Grace by that?

Suff. You may goe aske her and you will my Lord;

Moreover, us her highnes furdur pleasure;

That her sworne seruants shall attend on her,

Two gentlemen of her Bwile; two of her paurtie,

Two of her Kitchin, and two of her wardrobe;

Besides this gentleman here maister Gage.

Con. The next will be her freedom; oh this maddes me.

How. Which way lies the princesse?

Con. This way my Lord.

How. This will be glad tidings, come lets tell her grace.

Gage. Will please your honor, I am, Lady. *Ex. omnes.*

Walke in the Lieutenants garden, *(prayer Constable & Gage.)*

Or may but see the lodgings of the Queene;

Or open the casements to receive fresh aire;

Shall she my Lord? shall she this freedom vse?

Shee Shall: for you can neither will nor chuse,

Or shall she have some seruants of her owne

To attend on her? I pray let it be so.

And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,

I pray deny not what she needs must graunt. *Exit Gage.*

Con. This base groome shewes me, oh this frets my heart!

If you know not me,

These knaves will jet vpon their priuiledge,
But yet ile vex her, I haue found the meane;
Ile haue my Cooke to dresse my meate with her,
And euery officer my men shall match,
O that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,
Oh it would feed me, doe my soule much good.

Enter the Clowne beating a souldier, & excoant.

Then enter the Cooke beating another.

Con. How now, what meanes the fellow?

Cooke. Audacious slave presuming in my place.

Con. Sir, 'twas my pleasure, and I did command it.

Cooke. The Proudest he that keeps within the Tower,
Shall haue no tie into my private office.

Con. No fir, why say tis I.

Cooke. Be it your selfe, or any other here,
Ile make him suppe the hottest breath I haue.

Con. You will not.

Cooke. Zounds I will:
I haue bin true to her and will be still.

Const. Well, Ile haue this mended ere 't be long,
And venge my selfe on her for all these wrong.

Enter a Boy with a Nose-gay.

Boy. I haue got another Nose-gay for my young Lady.

My Lord sayd I should be soundly whipt,

If I were seene to bring her any more,

But yet Ile venture once againe, she is so good;

Oh heere's her chamber, Ile call and see if she be stirring,

Where are you Lady?

Enter Eli.

Eli. Welcome sweet boy, what hast thou brought me there?

Boy. Madam, I haue brought you another Nose-gay,

But you must not let it be seene; for if it be,

It shall be soundly whipt, indeed, indeed I shall.

Eli. God a mercy boy, heere's to requite thy loue. *Exit Eli.*

Enter Constable, Suffen, Howard, and Attendants.

Con. Stay him, stay him; Oh haue I caught you fir?

you know no bodie.

Where haue you bin?

Boy. To carry my yong Ladie some more flowers.

How. Alas my Lord, a child, pray let him go.

Con. A crafty knaue my Lords, search him for letters.

Suff. Letters my Lord, its vnpossible.

Child. Come, tell me what letters thou carriest her,
He giue thee figges and sugar plummes.

Boy. Will you indeed? well, He take your word,
For you looke like an honest man.

Con. Now tell me what letters thou deliueredst.

Boy. Faith gaffer I know no letters but great *A*,
B, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet.

Now gaffer, will you giue me my sugar plummes?

Con. Yes mary will I, take him away.

Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirra.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarencia.

Eliz. They keepe euen infants from vs, they doe well,
My sight they haue too long barr'd, and now my smell.
This tower hath made me fall to huswifry,
I spend my labours to relieue the poore,
Goe *Gage*, distribute these to those that neede.

Enter Winchester, Beuingfeld and Taine.

Win. Madam, the Queene out of her royall bounty,
Hath freed you from the thraldome of the Tower,
And now this gentleman must be your guardian.

Eliz. It thanke her, she hath rid me of a tyrant:
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?
What's he Lords?

Taine. A gentleman in fauour with the Queene.

Eliz. It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,
Is yet the scaffold standing on Tower hill,
Whereon yong *Clifford* and the Lady *Taine* did suffer death?

Gage. Vpon my life it stands not.

Eliz. Lord *Howard*, what is he?

How. A gentleman, tho of a steme aspect,
Yet mild enough I hope your Grace will find.

Eliz. Hath he not thine you a heart in conscience?
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

Hath

If you know not me.

Hath he not a heart thinke you to execute?

Hon. Defend in heauen, and Gods almightie hand,
Betwixt your Grace, and such intendanis stand.

Ben. Come Madam, will you goe?

Eli. With all my heart, farewell, farewell,
I am freed from Lumbo, to be sent to hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cooke and Pantler.

Cooke. What storme comes next? this hath disperst vs quite,
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be denide the presence
Of our Mistris, yet we will walke a loose and none controwle vs.

Pant. Here will she crosse the riuer, stand in her sie,
That she may take some note of our neglected duties.

Enter three poore men.

1 Come, this way they say the sweete princeesse comes,
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,
As we haue.

2. They say shee sluch a vertuous Princeesse; that shee lea-
Accept of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen
A nose-gay for her Grace; heere she comes.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage, and Tame.

Omnes. The Lord preserue thy sweete Grace.

Eli. What are these?

Gage. The townsmen of the country gathered heere
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

Eli. Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

Ben. What traitor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

Omnes. Now the Lord blese thy sweet grace.

Ben. If they persist, I charge you souldiers stop their mouthes.

Eli. It shall not need, the poore are louing, but the rich despise.
And though you curbe their tongues, spare them their cares:
Your loue my sinarta layes not, but prolongs;

Pray for me in your hearts not in your tongues.

See, see, my Lord, looke, I haue stild them all,
Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

Tame. Alas sir Harry these are honest countrymen,
That much reioyce to see the Princeesse well.

Ben. My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

Tame. And mine as great as yours.

you know no bodie.

Ben. Harke, harke my Lord, what Bells are these?

Gage. The townsmen of this village,
Hearing your highnes passe this way,
Salutes your comming with a peale of Bells.

Ben. Traitors and knaues, ring Bells
When the *Queenes* cheiney passed through the Towne,
Go set the knaues by th heeles, make their pates ring noone,
I charge thee *Barwicke*. *Exit Barwicke.*

El. Alas poore men, helpe them thou God about,
Thus men are forst to suffer for my loue,
What said my seruants, those that stand aloofe?

Gage. They deeply conjurd me out of their loues,
To know how your case goes, which these poore people second.

El. Say vnto them, *Tanquam Ovis*.

Ben. Come away, this lingring will be-nights vs

Tame. Madam, this night your lodging at my house,
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

Ben. How, no prisoner?

Tame. No, no prisoner, what I intend to do, Ile answer:
Madam will please you go? *Exeunt El.* *Ben.* and *Tame.*

Cooke. Now gentle Maister Vsher, what saies my Lady?

Gage. Thus did she bid me say, *Tanquam Ovis*,
Farewell I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tangus ovis*, pray what's *Tangus ovis* neighbour?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd find it out straight.

Cooke. My selfe hath been a Scholler, and I vnderstand
What *Tanquam ovis* meanes,

We sent to know how her Grace did fare, and
She *Tanquam ovis* sayd, euen like a sheep

Thats to the slaughter led.

1. *Tangus ovis*, that I should liue to see? *Tangus ovis*?

2. I shall neuer loue *Tanquam ovis* againe for this trick.

Ex: omnes.

Enter Ramingfeld and Barwicke his man.

Ben. *Barwicke*, Is this the chaine of State?

Bar. I fir, this is it.

Ben. Take it downe, and pull of my bootes.

Bar. Come on fir.

If you know not me,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O monstrous I what a sawcy companion's this,
To pull off his bootes in the chaire of State;
He fit you a peniworth for it,

Ben. Well sayd Barwicke, pull knaue.

Bar. A ha fir. *The clowne pulls the chaire away.*

Ben. Well said, now't comes.

Clo. Gods pittie, I thinke you are downe, cry you mercy,

Ben. What sawcy arrant knaue art thou I how?

Clo. Not so sawcy an arrant knaue as your worship
takes me to be.

Ben. Villiane, thou hast broke my crooper,

Clo. I am fory tis no worke for your worship.

Ben. Knaue doost, flowt me? *He beates him, exeunt.*

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard,

Span. The wall, the wall.

Eng. Sblood *Spaniard* you get no wall here, vnesse you
Would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

Span. Seignior *Cavalero D'anglatiero*,
I must houe the wall.

Eng. I do protest, hadst not thou enforced it,
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs
Haue the wall, ile take the paines to thrust
You into the kennell.

Spa. O base *Cavalero*, my sword and poniard well
Tride in *Tolledo*, shall giue thee the *Imbrocado*.

Eng. Mary and welcome fir, come on.

They fight:

Spa. Holo, holo, thou hast giuen me
The canuifado.

*He hurts the
Spaniard.*

Eng. Come fir, will you any more?

Spa. Seignior *Cavalero* looke behind thee,
A blade of *Tolledo* is drawne against thee.

He looks backe, he kills him.

Enter Phillip, Howard, Suffax, Constable and Gresham.

Phil. Hand that ignoble groom,
Had we not beheld thy cowardize,
We should haue sworne,

you know no body.

Such basenesse had not followed vs.

Spa. Ob vstrumandogrand Emperato,

How: Pardon him my Lord,

Phil. Are you respectlesse of our honor Lords?

That you would haue vs bosome cowardize,

I doe protest, The great Turkes Emperie

Shall not redeeme thee from a felons death:

What place is this my Lords?

Suff. Charing crosse my Liege.

Phi. Then by this crosse, where thou hast donne this murder,

Thou shalt be hang'd, so Lords away with him. *Ex: Spaniard.*

Suff. Your Grace may purchase glory from above,

And intire loue from all your peoples hearts,

To make attonement twixt the wofull Princesse,

And our dread Soueraigne, your most vertuous Queene,

How. It were a deed worthy of memorie.

Can. My Lord, shee's factions, rather could I wish

Shee were married to some private gentleman,

And with her dower conuaid out of the Land,

Than heere to stay and be a mutiner,

So may your highnes State be more secure:

For whilst she liues, waies, and commotions,

Foule insurrections will be set abroad:

I thinke twere not amisse to take her head,

This land would be in quiet were she but dead.

Suff. O my Lord you speake not charitably.

Phil. Nor will we Lords embrace his heedlesse counsel,

I doe protest, as I am King of Spaine,

My vtmost power lie stretch to make them friends:

Come Lords let's in, my loue and wit lie trie

To end this iarre, the Queene shall not denie.

Enter Elizabeth, Beninfield, Clarentia, Tame, Gage.

and Barwicke.

El. What fearefull terrour doth assaile my heart?

Good Gage come hither, and resolue me true

In thy opinion: shall I out-lie this?

I pre thee speake,

Gage. Out-lie this night, I pray Madam why?

El.

If you know not me,

Eli. Thento beaine this night I thinke to die.

Gage. O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes.
That God that made you, will protect you still
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

Eli. My heart is fearefull.

Gage. O my honor'd Lord,
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,
Speake, shall my Lady out-live this night, or no?

Tame. You much amaze me sir, else heauen forsend.

Gage. For, if we should imagine any plot,
Pretending to the hurt of our deere Mistis,
I and my fellowes, though farre vnlike are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame. And I with you would spend my deereft blood,
To doe that vertuous Lady any good.
Sir Harry, now my charge I must resigne,
The Ladie's wholly in your custodie,
Yet vse her kindly as she well deserues,
And so I take my leaue; Madam adieu.

Eli. My honor'd Lord farewell, vnwilling I
With griefe and woe must coninue,
Help me to some inke and paper good sir *Harry*.

Ben. What to doe Madam?

Eli. To write a Letter to the Queene my sister.

Ben. I find not that in my Commission.

Eli. Good jaylor, vige nor thy Commission.

Ben. No jaylor, but your guardian Madam.

Eli. Then reach me pen and inke.

Ben. Madam I dare not, my Commission serues not.

Eli. Thus you haue driuen me off from time to time,

Still vrging me with your Commission,

Good jaylor be not so seuer.

Ben. Good Madam I intreate you loofe that name
Of jaylor, twill be a by-word to me and my posteritie.

Eli. As often as you name your Commission,

So often will I call you Jaylor.

Ben. Say I should reach you pen, inke, and paper,
Who is't dare beare a Letter sent from youe

you know no bodie.

Eli. I doe not keep a seruant so dishonest,
That would deny me that.

Ben. Who euer dares, none shall.

Gage. Madam, impose the Letter to my trust,
Were I to beare it through a field of pikes,
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusher,
I'de make my passage through the midst of them,
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

Ben. Body of me, what a bold knaue's this?

Eli. *Gage.* leaue me to my selfe,
Thou euer-living power that guid'st all hearts,
Giue to my pen a true perswasive stile,
That it may moue my impatient sisters cares,
And vrge her to compassionate my woe.

Shee writes.

Beningfield takes a booke and looke into it.

Ben. What haz shee written here?

He reads.

Much suspected by me, nothing prob'd can be:
Fins quoth *Elinabeth* the prisoner.

Mary a God, what's sheere, an English bible?

Sanctum Maria, pardon this prophanation of my heart.

Water Barwicke, water, he meddle with no more.

Eli. My heart is heauie, and mine eyes doe close,
I am wearie with writing, sleepe on the sodaine;
Clarentia, leaue me, and commend some musike
In the with-drawing chamber.

Shee sleeps.

Ben. Your Letter shall be forth-coming Ladies,
I will peruse it ere it scape me now.

A dumbc Person.

*Enter Winchester, Countesse, Barwicke, and Priars: at the other
doore two Angels: the Priars steps to her, offering to kill her: the
Angels drive them backe. Enter The Angels upon the hill
and put it in her hands. Enter the Priars, the Countesse, and*

Eli. O God how pleasant was this sleepe to me!
Clarentia, saw'st thou nothing?

Cl. Madam, not I;

I ne'r slept sounder for the time.

Eli. Nor heard'st thou nothing?

Cl. Neither Madam.

If you know not me,

El. Didst not thou put this Booke into my hand?

Cl. Madam, not I.

El. Then twas by inspiration, heauen I trust
With his eternall hand will guide the iust.
What chapter's this, *Who so putteth his trust in the Lord,*
Shall not be confounded?

My sauiour, thanks, on thee my hope I build,
Thou lou'st poore Innocents, and art their shield,

Enter Beningfield and Gage.

Ben. Heere haue you writ a long excuse it seemes,
But no submission to the Queene your sister.

El. Should they Submit that neuer wrought offence?
The lawe will alwaies quit wrong'd innocence:

Gage. take my letter, & to the Lords commend my humble duty.

Gage. Madam, I flie.

To giue this letter to her Maiestie;

Hoping when I returne,

To giue you comfort that now sadly mourne.

Exeunt. Omnes

Ben. I, do write and send, Ile crosse you still,

prater Ben.

Shee Shall not speake to any man aliue,

But Ile ore-heare her, no letter nor no token

Shall neuer haue accesse vnto her hands,

But first Ile see it;

So like a Subject to my Soueraignes state,

I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. O fir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,

Yonder one in the Garden with the Princesse.

Ben. How knaue with the Princesse; she parted euen now.

Cl. I fir, that's all one, but she no sooner came into the
Garden, but he leapt o're the wall, and there
They are together busie in talke fir.

Ben. Heere's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow;

Goe take a Guard and apprehend them strait.

Exit Clowne.

Bring them before me.

O this is well found out.

Now will the Queene commend my diligent care,

And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.

Ha' traitors swarme so neare about my house?

you know no bodie.

Tis time to looke into
O well said Barwicke,
Where's the prisoner?

*Enter Clowne, Barwicke, and Soldiers leading of a
Goats, his sword drawne.*

Clow. Heere he is in a string my Lord.

Ben. Lord blesse vs, knave, what hast thou there?

Clow. This is he I told you was busie in talke with the Princesse,
What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Ben. Why knave, this is a beast.

Clow. Somay your worship be for any thing I know.

Ben. What art thou knave?

Clow. If your worship does not remember me,
I hope your worships crooper doth:
But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow,
Who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like,
He may be a kinne to you.

Ben. A kinne to me, knave he haue thee whip.

Clow. Then your worship will crie quittance with my
Posteriors for my misusing of yours.

Ben. Nay, but doost thou slowt me still? *He beates him.*

*Enter Winchester, Gresham with paper, Constable, Executioner
with a Purseman,*

Gresh. I pray your Honor to regard my haste.

Win. I know your businesse, and your haste shall stay,
As you were speaking my Lord Constable.

Const. When as the King shall come to seale these Writts,

Gresh. My Lord, you know his highnesse treasure flayes,
And cannot be transported these three months,
Vnlesse thar now your Honor seale my warrant.

Win. Fellow what then? This warrant that concernes
The Princesse death, shuffle in amongst these flayes,
Hee'll nere peruse it.

Gresh. How, the Princesse death? thanks heauen,
By whom I am made a willing instrument her life to save,
That may liue crown'd when thou art in thy graue.

Win. Stande ydly Purseman,
That when tis sign'd,

Thou

If you know not me,

Thou maist be gone, and gallop with the winde.

Enter Philip, Suffex, and Gage.

Phil. Our Chauncellor Lords, this is our sealing day,
This our States busines; is our Signet there?

Enter Howard, and Gresham as be it sealing.

How. Staie your imperiall hand, let not your seale imprint
Deaths impress in your sisters heart.

Phil. Our sisters heart! Lord *Howard* what meanes this?

How. The Chancellor and that iniurious Lord
Can well expound the meaning.

Win. Oh chance accurst, how came he by this notice?
Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,
And we in vaine pursue it.

Phil. Lord Chancellor your dealing is not faire,
See Lords, what writs affords it selfe
To the impress of our seale.

Suff. See my Lord, a warrant for the Princess death
Before she be convicted, what juggling call you this?
See, see for Gods sake.

Gage. And a pursuant ready to post away with it,
To see it donne with speed?

What flinty breast could brooke to see her bleed?

Phil. Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogative,
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

Suff. Whose plot was this?

How. The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

Suff. How was't reueald?

Ho. By this gentleman master *Gresham* the Kings Agent here.

Suff. He hath shewd his loue to the King and Queens maiesty,
His seruice to his country, and care of the Princess.

Gresh. My durtie to them all.

Phil. In stead of charging of the Sheriffs with her,
We heere discharge her keeper Beningsfield.

And where we should haue brought her to the blocke,

We now will haue her brought to *Hampton Court*,

There to attend the pleasure of the Queene.

The Pursuant that should haue posted downe
With tidings of her death,

you know no body.

Beare her the message of your priu'd life,
You may assist his speed, a good daitis worke we haue made,
To rescue innocence so soone betraid.

Enter Clowes and Clarentia.

Cl. Whither goe you so fast Mistris *Clarentia*?

Cl. A milking.

Cl. A milking! that's a poore office for a Madam.

Cl. Better a Milke-maid free than a Madam in bondage.

Oh, hadst thou heard the Princesse yesternight.

Sitting within an arbor all alone to heare a Milke-maide sing.

It would haue moou'd a stonie heart to melt,

Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping.

A thousand times she with her selfe debates,

With the poore Milke-maide to exchange estates,

She was a Sempster in the Tower being a Princesse,

And shall I her poore gentlewomen disdain

To be a Milke-maid in the country?

Cl. Troth you say true, every one to his fortune.

As men goe to hanging, the time hath beene

When I would ha scorn'd to carry coles, but now the case is

Every man as farre as his tallent will stretch. *(alter'd)*

Enter a Gentleman.

Wom. Where's mistris *Clarentia*? to horse, to horse.

The Princesse is sent forth to the Court.

Shee's gone already, come let's after.

Cl. The Princesse gone, and I left here behind!

Come, come, our horses shall out-strip the wind.

Cl. And hee nor be long after you, for I am sure.

My Curtall will carry me as fast as your double Gelding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth and Gage.

Elz. I wonder *Gage*, that we haue staid so long.

So neere the Court, and yet haue heard no newes

From our displeased sister, this more affrightes me

Than my former troubles; I feare this Hampton Court

Will be my grave.

Gage. Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your mind,

The Lords I knowe are still about your face,

And make no doubt, but they will so perswade,

Both

If you know not me,

Both with the King and Queene, that you shall see
Their fainous anger will be turn'd to love.

Enter Howard.

How. Where is the Princess?

El. Welcome my good Lord Howard, what saies the Queene,
Will she admitt me fight?

How. Madam she will, this night she hath appointed,
That she her selfe in person meanes to heare you,
Protract no time, then come, let's haste away.

Exeunt.

*Enter foure Torch-bearers: Philip, Winchester, Howard, Shallowe,
doyle, Benningfield, and attendants.*

Queene. Where is the Princess?

How. She waits your pleasure at the common-staires.

Queene. Yther her in by Torch-light.

How. Gentlemen Ythers, and gentlemen Pensioners, lights
For the Princess, attendance gentlemen.

Phil. For her supposed vertues, Royall Queene
Looke on your sister with a smiling brow,
And if her fault merite not too much hate,
Let her be censur'd with all lenitie,
Let your deepe hatred end where it began,
She hath been too long banish'd from the sunne.

Queene. Our fauour shall be false howe her desert,
And she that hath been banish'd from the light,
Shall once againe behold our cheerefull sight.
You my Lord shall step behind the Arrasse,
And heare our conference, weele shew her grace,
For there shines too much mercy in your face.

Phil. We beare this mind, we errours would not feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see innocents bleed.

Quee. Call the Princess.

Exeunt for the Princess.

Philip behind the Arras.

Enter all with Elizabeth.

All forbear this place except our sister now.

Exeunt all.

El. That God that raise you, stay you, and protect
You from your foes, and cleare me from suspect.

Quee. Wherefore doe you rise?
To see your selfe so low, or vs so high?

El. Neither dread Queene, mine is a womanish reare,

you know no body.

In part compell'd by loy, and part by feare
Loy of your fight the brinish teares haue bred,
For feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

Quer. Sister, I rather thinke th'are teares of spleene.

Eli. You were my sister, now you are my Queene.

Quer. I th'at's your griefe.

Eli. Madam, he was my foe and not your friend.

That hath posselt you so, I am as true a
Subiect to your Grace, as any liues this day.
Did you but see,

My heart it bends farre lower than my knee.

Quer. We know you can speake well, will you submit?

Eli. My life Madam I will, but not as guilty.

Should I confesse

Fault done by her that neuer did transgresse?

I joy to haue a sister Queene so royall,

I would it as much please your Maiestie,

That you enioy a sister that's so truer.

If I were guilty of the least offence,

Madam'twould taint the blood euen in your face,

The treasons of the father being noble,

Vnnobles all your children: let your Grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

Whateere my greatest enemies can deuise,

And when they all haue done their worst, yet I

Will your true subiect and true sister die.

Phi. Minor of vertue and bright natures pride,

Pitty it had been such beautie should haue died.

Quer. You'le not submit, but ead as you began.

Eli. Madam, to death I will, but not to linn.

Quer. You are not guilty then?

Eli. I thinke I am now.

Quer. I am not of your mind.

Eli. I would your Highnesse were.

Quer. How blame you chat?

Eli. To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleare.

Quer. You haue been wrong in prison then?

Eli. Ile not say so.

If you know not me

Queene. What ere we thinke, I will and kisse our hand.
Say God hath rais'de you friende.

Eli. Then God hath kept his promise.

Queene. Promise, why?

Eli. To raise them friends that on his word rely.

Phil. And may may the heavens applaud this voicing
Accurst be they that first procured this wrong.

Now by my Crowne, you haue been kept downe too long.

Queene. Sister, this night your selfe shall feast with me.
To morrow for the country you are free;

Lights for the Princess, you dum her to her chamber.

Phil. My soule wisheth that this peace is made.

A peace that pleaseth heauen and earth, and all;

Redeeming captiue thoughts from captiue thralls.

Faire Queene, the seruile busines of my father

Is now at hand to be accomplished.

Of your faire sight I neede must take my leaue.

Returne I shall, tho parting cause vs grieue.

Quee. Why should two hearts be forc't to separate?

I know your busines, but beleue me, sister,

My soule diuines we neuer more shall meet.

Phil. Yet faire Queene hope the best I shall returne.

Who met with ioy though now sadly moune.

Ben. What, droopes your honour?

Win. Oh, I am sicke.

Con. Where lies your griefe?

Win. Where yours and all good subiects else should lie.

Nearer to the heart, this combination doe greatly dread.

For now our true religion will denie,

I doe diuine, who euer liues ten yeare,

Shall see no Religion heere, but heere he.

Ben. Come, come my Lord, this is but for a showe.

Our Queene I warrant withes in her heart,

Her sister Princess were without her heart.

Win. No, no my Lords, this peace is natural.

This combination is with out deceit.

But I will once more write to the Queene.

The plot is laid, that it shall be perform'd.

you know no bodie.

Sir *Harry*, you shall goe to attache her seruant
Vpon suspicion of some treacherie,
Wherein the Princeesse shall be accessarie:
If this doe faile, my policie is downe.
But I grow faint the fenter staies on me,
Death like a Vulture tires vpon my heart,
He leaue you two to prosecute this drift,
My bones to earth I giue, & heauen my soule I liue. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Gage, and Clarence.

Gage. Madam *Clarence*, is my Lady stirring?

Cl. Yes master *Gage*, but heauie at the heart,
For she was frighted with a dreame this night,
She said, she dream'd her sister was new married,
And fate vpon a high Imperiall throne:
That she her selfe was cast into a dungeon,
Whence enemies emioun'd her about,
Offering their weapons to her naked breast;
Nay they would scarcely giue her leaue to pray,
They made such hast to hurric her away.

Gage. Heauenshield my mistris, & make her friends increas;
Conuert her foes, estate her in true peace,

Cl. Then did I dreame of weddings, and of flowers,
Me thought I was within the finest Garden,
That euer mortall eie did yet behold,
Then straight me thought, some of the chiefe were pickt
To dresse the Bride; Or was the rarest shew,
To see the Bride goe smiling longst the streetes,
As if shee went to happines eternall.

Gage. Oh most vnhappy dreame! my feare is now
As great as yours, before it was but small:

Come, let's goe comfort her that loyes vs all.

Exeunt.

*Enter a damoie shew: six Torches: Suffex bearing the Crowne,
Howard bearing the Scepter, the Constable the Mace, Tanie
the Purse, Shandoile the Sword, Philip and Marie, Justice
the Cordiall Poole, Beningsfield and Attendant: Philip and
Marie conferres: he takes leave, and Exit. Nobles bring him
to the doore, and returne: She falls in a Swoon: They com-
fort her, a dead march. Enter foure with the House of Win-
chester*

If you know not me,

chester with the Scepter and Purselying on: The Queene taketh the Scepter and Mace, and gives it Cardinall Poole: a fennet, and Exeat omnes preter Suffex.

Suff. Winchester's dead, O God, vpon euen at his death,
He shewd his malice to the sweet yong Princess;
God pardon him, his soule must answere all,
Shes still preferu'd, and still her foes doe fall,
The Queene is much besotted on these prelates,
For there's another raide more base than he,
Poole that Arch, for truth and honesty.

Enter Basingfold.

Ben. My Lord of Suffex, I can tell ill newes,
The Cardinall Poole that now was firmly well,
Is sodainely false sicke, and like to die.

Suff. Let him goe, why then there is a fall of Prelates,
This realme will neuer stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleane ruinate.

Enter Constable.

Con. Sir Harry, do you heare the whispering in the Court?
They say the Queene is crazie, very ill.

Suff. How heard you that?

Con. Tis common through the house.

Enter Howard.

How. Tis a sad Court my Lord,

Suff. What's the matter? say, how fares the Queene?

How. Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,
Or else for griefe at Winchester's decease,
Or else that Cardinall Poole is sodainely dead,
I cannot tell, but she is exceeding sicke.

Suff. The State begins to alter.

How. Nay more my Lord, I came now from the Presence,
I heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Suf. Gods will be done, whos with the Queene my Lord?

Ho. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Arundell, and diuers others,
They are withdrawne into the inward chamber,
There to take counsell, and increat your presence.

Suf. We'll wait vpon their Honors.

Enter another.

you know no bodie.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Claremont aboute.

Eli. O God, my last nights dreame I greatly feare
It doth preface my death, good maister *Gage*,
Looke to the path-way that doth come from the Court,
Looke each minure for deaths messenger:
Would he were heere now, so my soule were pures
That I with patience might the stroke endure.

Gage. Madam, I see from farre a horse-man comming,
This way he bends his speed, he comes so fast
That he is couered with a cloud of dust,
And now I haue lost his sight, he appeares againe.
Making his way ouer Hill, Hedge, Ditch, and plaine,
One after him, they two strue,
As one the race they had waged both their liues,
Another after him.

Eli. O God, what meanes this haste?
Pray for my soule, my life cannot long last.

Gage. Strange and miraculous! the first being at the gate,
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his Rider.

Eli. This same is but a prologue to my death,
My heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

Enter sir Harry Kereu.

Ker. God saue the Queene, God saue *Elizabeth*.

Eli. God saue the Queene, so all good Subiects say;
I am her Subiect, and for her still I pray.

Ker. My horse did you allegiance at the gate,
For there he broke his necke, and there he lies;
For I my selfe had much adoe to rise,
The fall hath bruisde me, yet I liue to crie,
God blesse your Grace, God blesse your maiestie.

Gage. Long liue the Queene, long liue your maiestie.

Eli. This newes is sweet, my heart was fore afraid:
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

Ker. Thanks to your Maiestie, happy be my tongue,
That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter sir Iohn Brooker.

Bro. Am I preuented in my haste, O chance accurst,
My hopes did sooth me that I was the first;

If you know not me,

Let not my duty be o're swaid by splene,
Long liue my Soueraigne, and God saue my Queene.

Eli. Thanks good sir *John*, we will deserue your loue.

Enter Howard.

How. Though third in order, yet first in loue,
I tender my allegiance to your Grace,
Liue long faire Queene, thrice happy be your raigne,
He that in-states you, your high state maintaine.

Eli. Lord *Howard*, thanks, you euer were our friend,
I see your loue continues to the end,
But chiefly, thanks to you my Lord of *Hunsdon*.

How. Meaning this gentleman?

Eli. The very same?

His tongue was first proclaimer of our name,
And trustie *Gage*, in token of our grace,
We giue to you a capitaine Pensioners place.

How. Madam, the Councell are heere at hand.

Eli. We will descend and meete them.

Karew. Let's guard our Soueraigne, praying that Power,
That can throw downe and raise within an hower.

Enter the Clowne and euermore with faggots.

Clo. Come neighbor, come away, euery man his faggot,
And his double pot, for ioy of the old *Queenes* death:

Let bells ring, and children sing,
For we haue cause to remember,
The seauenteenth day of *November*.

Tame. How now my masters, what's heere to doe?

Clo. Faith making Bone-fiers for ioy of the new *Queene*,
Come sir, your penny, and you be a true subiect,
Youle battle with vs your faggot, wele be merry with.

Tame. And you doe well: and yet me thinkt were fitt,
To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearse,
Who while she liu'd was deare vnto them all.

Clo. Is but doe not you know the old Proverb?
We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not loue her father when he liu'd,
As deere as you ere did loue any,
And yet reioyced at his funerall?

you know no body.

Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him deere,
Yet once departed, joyfully you sung,
Kunne to make Bone-fiers, to proclaim your loue
Vnto the new, forgetting still the old :
Now she is gone, how you moane for her !
Were it not fit a while to moane her Hearse,
And ductifully there reioyce the other?

Had you the wisest and the louingst Prince,
That euer swaid a Scepter in the world,
This is the loue he shall haue after life.
Let Princes while they liue haue loue or feare tis fit,
For after death there's none continues it.

Clb. By my faith my masters, he speaks wisely;
Come, wee to the end of the lane, and there wee'll
Make a Bone-fire, and be merrie:
Faith agreed, Ile spend my halfe-penny towards
Another faggot, rather than the new *Queene* shall
Want a Bone-fire.

Excusyones Tame.
Tame. I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,
For you will still the strongest side defend.

A senet. Enter foure Trumpeters after them Sergeants Trunke
peer with a Mace, after him the Purse bearer, Suffier with the
Crowne, Howard the Scepter, Constable with the Capps of
Maintenance, Shandoyse with the Sword, Tame with the
Collar and a George, foure gentlemen bearing the Canopy ouer
the Queene, two gentlemen bearing up her Traine, six gen-
tlemen Pensioners, The Queene takes State.

Ombes. Long line, long raigne our Soueraigne,
Eliz. We thanke you all.

Suf. The imperiall crowne Theere present your Grace,
with it my staffe of Office, and my place.

Eli. Whilst we this Crowne, so long your place enioy
How. Th'imperiall Scepter heere I offer vp.

Eli. Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

Con. This Cap of Maintenance, I present my staffe
of Office, and my vniuersall seruice.

Eli. Your loue we know.

Con. Pardon me gracious Madam, twas not spleene.

If you know not me,

But that allegiance that I ow'd my Queene,
Madam, I seru'd her truly at that day,
And I as truly will your Grace obey.

Elz. We do as freely pardon, as you truly seru'd;
Onely your stasse of Office weele displace,
In stead whereof, weele owe you greater grace.

Enter Beningsfield.

Ben. Long liue the Queene, long liue your Maiestie,
I haue rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tidings first, and all these heere.

Sus. You are in your loue as free as in your care,
Y'are come euen iust a day after the faire.

Elz. What's she, my taylor?

Ben. God preserve your Grace.

Elz. Be not asham'd man looke me in the face,
Who haue you now to patronize your strictnes on?
For your kindties this I will bestow;
When we haue one we would haue hardly vided,
And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man,
This is a day for peace not for vengeance fit,
All your good deedes weele quit, all wrongs remit.
Where we left off, proceede.

Shan. The Sword of Iustice on my bended knee
I to your Grace present, heauen blesse your raigene.

Elz. This Sword is ours, this Sstaffe is yours againe.

Tyme. This Garter with the Order of the George,
Two ornaments vnto the Crowne of England,
I here present.

(you?)

Elz. Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare

Gage. I Captaine of your Highnes Pensioners.

Broc. I of your Guard.

I Sergeant Trumpeter, present my Mace.

Elz. Some we intend to raise, none to displace;

Lord Hunsford, we will one day find a Sstaffe

To poize your hand; you are our cousin,

And deserue to be employ'd neerer our person;

But now to you from whom we take this Sstaffe,

Since Cardinall *Poole* is now diccaside and dead,

you know no body.

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.
And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,
Praising that King that all Kings else obey.

*Sennet about the Stage in order.
The Maier of London meets them.*

Ma. I from this cittie *London* doe present,
This Purse and Bible to your Maiestie,
A thousand of your faithfull Citizens,
In velvet Coats and Chaines well mounted, stay
To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

Elizabeth. We thanke you all : But first this Booke I kisse.
Thou art the way to Honour, thou to Blisse :
An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maier,
You of our body and our soule haue care ;
This is the ieuell that we still loue best,
This was our solace when we were distressed,
This Booke that hath so long conceal'd it selfe,
So long shut vp, so long hid ; now Lords see,
We here vnclasp, for euer it is free :
Who lookes for ioy let him this Booke adore,
This is true soode for rich men and for poore,
Who drinks of this, is certaine nere to perish,
This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,
Lay hand vpon this Anchor euery soule,
Your name shall be in an eternall scrowle,
Who builds on this, dwels in a happy state,
This is the fountaine cleare immaculate,
That happy issue that shall vs succeed,
And in our populous Kingdome this Booke read,
For them as for our owne selues, we humbly pray,
They may liue long, and blest ; to leade the way.

FINIS.